

REMOVAL.— B. DAWSON avails himself of the columns of *Punch*, to inform his Friends and the Public, that he has removed from No. 137½ Notre Dame Street, to No. 2 Place d'Armes, adjoining Messrs. S. J. Lyman & Co.'s Drug Store, where he hopes, by central situation, varied Stock, and moderate charge, to secure a continuance of favors.

Vol. 1.— No. 9.]

(May the 19th, 1849 !)

[PRICE, 4d.



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The Proprietors of this Paper, beg to announce to the Public at large, that they have made arrangements for giving, as usual, the very fullest Reports of the Debates, which will embrace Translations of the French Speeches, reported exclusively for the HERALD—which will probably be the only Journal possessing this feature. Those who desire to possess accurate information as to the Parliamentary Proceedings, will, therefore, do well to subscribe during the next 2 months.

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Splendid Establishment

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St. George's Hotel, Quebec, April, 1849.

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As it is intended to be devoted exclusively to Literature, everything of a political nature will be excluded from its columns.

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As this journal will have a large circulation in the country, parties wishing to advertise will find it to their advantage, as a limited space will be kept for that purpose.

P. SINCLAIR, QUEBEC.

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CLUBS! Subscribers forming themselves into Clubs of five, and remitting six dollars, will receive all the back numbers, and five copies of each issue, until the first of January, 1850. A remittance of three dollars will entitle them to the Publication until the first of July.

To Future Subscribers.

In all cases the subscription must be paid in advance. The half dollar being awkward to enclose, a remittance of one dollar will entitle the subscriber to the Publication for eight months; four dollars will entitle the sender to five copies of each number for eight months; two dollars to five copies for four months.

To Present Subscribers.

In some few instances, Punch has been sent to orders unaccompanied by a remittance. This involves Book-keeping, expense of Collectors, and ultimate loss. The Proprietor respectfully informs his present subscribers, who have not paid their subscriptions that No. 8 will be the last number sent, on the unpaid list, not because he doubts their responsibility, but because he dislikes the nuisance of writing for money. He detests to be dunned, and will not lay himself under the necessity of dunning.

[CONCLUSION.]

THE MODERN MRS. CHAPONE.

THE NEWEST EDITION OF A SERIES OF LETTERS TO OUR JUDY'S
BELOVED CLARISSA.

MY DEAREST NIECE,

WE have now arrived at an important consideration, viz: a proper regard for your own interests. On this point, I must offer you some advice. Not that I think young ladies are generally insensible to their own welfare, for I have lately observed in numerous families a delicate and systematic prudence edifying to behold. But the sentiment is expressed with rare beauty and pathos, by one of our elder didactic poets, and it conveys with exquisite force, what ought to be the guiding principle of our conduct. It runs—"Number one is the first law of nature." Some skill however is required in the practical adherence to this golden rule, for it is by no means agreeable to be accused of meanness and selfishness, language, which many weak men are often in the habit of applying, to what is only a justifiable sense of one's merits.

Therefore get all you can and give nothing away, gratify every wish, at the expense of the dearest friend. Lend nothing but never refuse a request, without the strongest expressions of regret, that you cannot grant, what you have been asked. This line of conduct is only necessary to people who may be of use to you—a mere relation, should receive summary treatment, and ought to be told at once you do not like such liberties. On the other hand never hesitate to borrow when you are in want, even from a person whom you are in the habit of abusing. Unnecessary caution concerning what is lent to you is foolish;—and never inconvenience yourself by a too speedy restitution. Should you by accident happen to lose what has been lent to you take no notice of the matter. Shew that you have forgotten it, for the probability is, if your friend has any delicacy she will never ask you for her property: and the longer the time which elapses before you are reminded of the loan, the more easily you can get out of the scrape. Should your friend have some regard for the trinket beyond its intrinsic value, and gently remind you that you have it, reply by thinking you have returned it and by promising to look for it. With strangers be always in the best of humours, and reserve your ill-temper for your own family. At home be as querulous and as listless as you can, grumble eternally, and if you are asked to oblige others of the family, either do not do so at all—or comply in such a manner, that the party shall be quite sensible of the obligation. Be ready at all times to talk of yourself and your prospects, for you may be certain, that you are so important a personage, no topic of conversation can be more agreeable.

In your love affairs, for of course you will have them, never allow your heart to prompt you. Look what a man has, rather than what he is, marry to see company not to obtain a companion. Be the first to find out the ridiculous points in the character of the man who is courting you, and join others in laughing at him. Always have a certain number of hangers-on, because as you must have seen "one fool makes many." If you should be so unfortunate as to get entangled in an engagement and a richer man asks your hand, rebuke the impertinence of the first suitor should he be foolish enough to suppose you intend to keep your word. Snub him with a proper dignity and send him about his business—be sure however that your new beau is really tied to you, for it would be an awful thing after jilting another to get jilted yourself.

I have already said something about your reading, but the matter is of very secondary importance. I may as well say, if you have any leisure time I do not object to your studying those true pictures of life—the Wandering Jew and the Mysteries of Paris—or some of the immortal works of Mr. G. W. M. Reynolds of London. You there find subjects for meditation, and a fund of religious and instructive reading not to be met in the English classics. As to histories and such balderdash nobody ever talks about them here, and the majority of your friends see little difference between Alexander Pope, and Pope Alexander. Sufficient for you to be the pure, generous souled maiden, I have endeavored to make you,

intent upon looking well in your bonnet, and desirous of an affectionate husband who can give you a rich one to look well in.

And for the present, my dear niece, this is the last letter I shall write you. It is somewhat bitter to say "good bye," nevertheless we have to repeat those words of sad import every week of our lives. But I have this to say before we part. If you have any bosom friends whom you desire to read my letters, you have my consent to shew them. For the perusal will do no harm. None of us are perfect, even you whose eye rests upon these lines may have felt a quicker tingling of the cheek as you have looked at Aunt Judy's letters. If so, think of the old woman's advice, and extract good from it. She has put it to paper, with a far sadder spirit than one would discover, and like most people who give advice will get little thanks for her trouble. Let that pass, time works wonders and the modern Mrs. Chapone may not have been written in vain. And so says adieu,

Your affectionate friend and adviser.

JUDY.

SYMPATHY FOR THE GOVERNOR.

Our "*well beloved*" Governor General has received several addresses from "sympathisers" expressive of regret that his Lordship should have suffered such ignominious treatment at the hands of an indignant public, and hoping that if his Lordship is compelled to retire from his "responsibility" he will not think of returning to "*bonny Scotland*," but show his attachment to Canada and the French Canadians, by assuming the "*bonnet rouge*." The tradesmen at Montreal are determined to vie with each other in endeavoring to induce his Lordship to remain, and have declared their intention of selling all goods to his Excellency "under first cost," with the praiseworthy motive of enabling him to carry out that system of economy for which he is so flatteringly distinguished, and which will be doubly necessary as soon as his Lordship *resigns* the *paltry* seven thousand a year salary, which he receives.

We insert the following, which by some accident, have been omitted from the *Official Gazette*:

"M. Compain, Place D'Armes, a l'honneur de prevenir Mi Lord Elgin qu'il se trouvera bien servi a son etablissement. Il peut commander un bon potage au chou, trois plats, avec pain a discretion, et une pinte de demi-et-demi, enfin, il pourra parfaitement avoir des sacs souffles* pour un schelling. La societe est tres comme-il-faut, et on nedonne rien au garcon.

*French idiom—"He will be able to blow his bags out."

Madame St. Julien begs leave to express to Lord Elgin her deep regret at the present critical state of his Lordsh'p's position: and feeling that it behoves every lady situated as she is, to endeavor to assuage, as much as possible, the awkward predicament into which his Lordship will shortly be thrown, begs to say that as her boarding house is in a cheerful part of the town and very convenient to the river (in case his Lordship should feel disposed to depart suddenly from the city) she will be happy to receive his Excellency on moderate terms, when an ungrateful province shall induce his retirement from office. Her establishment is chiefly composed of the French members—(addicted to short pipes and very bad tobacco) who will be proud to have the society of a Nobleman of his Lordship's economical habits. The dinner table is particularly well furnished, and a rubber is generally got up every evening, at which Lord Elgin could play long penny points if he wished it."

My Lord,—Probably your cellars will be full of Choke-damp when the door is opened, from long disuse and confined air. I have been accustomed to descend dangerous wells and shafts, and will undertake the job at a moderate price, should you labor under any temporary pecuniary embarrassment in paying me, I shall be happy to take it out in your wine, which I should think had been *some years in bottle*.

Your Lordsh'p's most humble servant.



A LAYE OF EGGES.

“LAID BEFORE YE GOVERNOUR IN COUNCILLE.”

Ye Earle hath a
dismalle dreame:

To the land of dreames afarre,
The Earle in trance hath spedde —
That nyghte the Earlys starre
Hadde sette in a halo redde —
And the fancies that round him thronge,
Grotesque and grimme to see,
Are photographed in features stronge
By the lyghte of memorye.
As towne and tower and lake
Beneath the evenyng raye,
Tone of fire take
Neverre seene by daye,
So the hue of the vysions that rounde us flytte
In the dedde of the nyghte when dreames are rife,
Is bronzed or gilte by the passynge fytt
Of the lyghtes or shades of our real life.

And fancieth him-
selfe a great panne-
cake, compounded of
egges:

And so it came of egges
The Early's dreame was caste,
And hee didde change to a panne-cake strange
At some uncouth repaste.
A panne cake sadde in plyghte,
Simmerynge all in batter,
And flatter himselfe as hee myghte,
Hee flatter felt and flatter:
Done marvellously browne,
In a moste unpleasant stew,
Right in the mydste of a populous towne —
With thousands arounde to view.
And mynisters tossed him here and there —
Frightfulle cookes with dreddefulle glee —
Till the flatte cake vanished in murky air,
And the vysion passed—but where was hoe?

But presently hee
becometh reformed
backe to himselfe, and
on a faste nyghte-mare
hath a terrible revela-
tion.

Rushinge, Rushinge alonge,
On a steede of elfin forme,
Saddle-less, bridle-less, wyld and stronge
As the spirit of the storme.
Through the gloome of nyghte,
Onward and on they whirl —
That pacer rare, is the wylde nyghte-mare,
And her rider is the Earle;
Who styll on recking rybbes
Raineth of blows a shower,

With quickened stroke lyke an angry clocke,
Spurrynge the fleetinge hour.
But paynfull was that midnyghte ryde,
No syghte was it to cause moche laughter,
And of that speede, hee hadde full neede;
For what is shee that followeth after?

Of a mightye henne
and her spectoralle
broode—ghostes of ye
departed chickens of
ye 30th of Aprille:

Bearing uponne his flyghte,
Like estridge of the plaine,
With dredde unearthly myghte
A henne of horror came.
And lo! a dusky column
Followeth in her wake,
Filling the nyghte with a chorus solemn,
As ghostly chickens mighte make —
The spirits of blyghted fowle
Crushed in the parent shelle,
What time the thronge, or righte or wronge,
Uponne the Earle it felle:
Their bills were all Rebellion Bills
Openyng for their preye,
And their eyes were bryghte with a deadly
lyghte,
Worse than the chickens of daye —
I'd not have stode that shockynge broode
For all the Governour's paye.

And finally ye Earle
being transformed to a
Henne, getteth terribly
snubbed by ye people.

Cluck! cluck! cluck!
Ringeth that fearfulle songe,
As cheeke by jowle the fiend fowle
Rush with the Earle alonge.
That flyghte on featherless wing,
Was syghte of dredde to see,
No mortal sure maye longe endure
Such fearfulle agonye.
But sudden passed that scene,
The fowls changed to menne;
With clamour styll the air they fylle,
And the Earle hee was a Henne:
To whom there cried in dismalle howle
A jecrynge voice from the movynge hoste —
“You're hatched the Egge of Turmoyle Foule:
But you cannot Laye the Ghoste!”



The Man wot fired the Parliament House !

IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT.

Punch is confidentially informed that the carters and cabmen of Montreal, and the members of the Legislative Council, in consequence of the serious interruption to their usual business, have petitioned Mr. Justice Smith, to be permitted to undergo an examination for admission to the learned profession of the law. His Honor has kindly consented to view the application favorably, and suggested the names of a Grocer's Clerk and the Book-keeper of a Tea Warehouse, as examiners. The place appointed for the examination, is M^r. Tavish's Barn, off Sherbrooke Street. A subscription has been opened to defray the expenses of the usual complimentary remarks in the Montreal papers, as to capacity and erudition. One of the Members of the Legislative Council, gave a draft upon the Inspector General for the amount of his subscription.

PUNCH'S MOURNING REGULATIONS.

IN consequence of the doubt and uncertainty which exist in the minds of numerous friends and relatives, respecting the time during which mourning ceremonies are to be observed, Punch is induced to publish the following hints, which, it is hoped, will be found serviceable to all interested.

FOR A DEARLY-BELOVED MOTHER.—Under these melancholy circumstances, the bereaved mourner should be seen for three days at least, in tears, with a white cambric handkerchief deeply edged with lace, in her hands. The hair should be slightly disordered, and an air of wildness is recommended in the manner. Frequent allusions may be made to "dear departed mama" and the "saint in heaven," and the sight of the "saints" picture ought to be conspicuously placed in the sitting room. At the end of a week, the tears may be discontinued, and the usual head-dress resumed. The ninth day, the portrait may be removed to the back parlour or bed-room, on its way to the lumber closet. If black becomes the mourner, it may be worn for three months—if unbecoming, half that time is sufficient. Under very afflictive circumstances, as where an annuity expired with the deceased—six months is not unusual. During the whole of this period, it was formerly usual to suspend attendance at public amusements, but modern practice is against this. As a general rule, the custom now is, not to dance for a fortnight after a very valued relative has been put out of sight, and it would certainly excite attention to be seen at the theatre on the night of the funeral.

FOR A DEAR PAPA.—For a "dear, dear, kind, good papa," the observances may be the same as for a "dearly beloved mother." In the case of a "stingy papa," 25 per cent. discount is generally allowed. Where "papa" has been "extravagant" or "unfortunate in business," or has "spent nearly all dear mama's money," a larger reduction even, will be promptly allowed. If "papa" has been "nobody" all his life, as is often the case, no notice should be taken of his demise, as it is very provoking of him to die at all, and creates a great deal of confusion and unpleasantness in the family.

FOR AN AFFECTIONATE SISTER OR BROTHER.—If the deceased was young, no notice need be taken, but you may allude to the fact, by observing to your partner at the next ball, that "it was a great mercy" that James or Euphemia is "much better off," that you wish you "had died young," that "the world is full of vanities," and so on. If it is a married sister or brother in fashionable life, mourning should be worn for a month. For a poor sister who has made a bad match, it is generally considered sufficient, to send a few yards of black ribbon to the orphans, and a second-hand black coat, as a mark of sympathy to the bereaved husband.

For a grandmother or grandfather, (with a legacy) considerable attention to outward circumstances is required; without a legacy, a piece of black crape round the hat, or for a female, very slight half mourning is sufficient.

In the cases of aunts, uncles, nephews, nieces, cousins, &c., no general rule seems to prevail. *Punch* once knew deep mourning to be worn for an uncle, but it was by a poor servant girl, and cannot be given as a precedent. At Slapem's funeral the other day, there were three strangers in black, but on enquiry, it turned out that it was the undertaker, his assistant, and the surgeon. It is usual to wear black crape round your hat, for a relative or friend,

when the latter article is getting shabby, but not otherwise. Black gloves, when given gratuitously, may be worn, but *Punch* has observed that the description of article so furnished, is always of the worst kind, doubtless to illustrate the melancholy truth of the speedy decay of all earthly things. In these cases, however, every thing must be left to the good taste and fancy of the mourner, who will bear in mind, that as it is not improbable that he may be some day buried himself. He should be careful not to introduce any vulgar or unfashionable practice.

LEGAL DANCING.

It is understood that Mr. Solicitor General Drummond has danced several hornpipes on his Commission since the burning of the Parliament Buildings. The last time he was seen performing this curious feat was at Tetu's Hotel, armed with a carving knife and an empty cider bottle. Mr. Solicitor General Blake, with great gravity remonstrated with his learned friend, reminding him that he was carrying the joke too far. Whereupon Mr. Drummond hoped the Company would consider what had there passed as strictly confidential, and begged them to believe that he never meant this dancing on his Commission, in any other than in a Pick-wickian and Parliamentary sense. (Hear, hear, from the Waiters.)

FIGS DO NOT GROW ON THISTLES.

It has just occurred to *Punch*, that there is something strangely and ominously coincident between a portion of the style and title of His Excellency the Governor General, and the circumstances in which he is now placed—for how remote, although obvious, is the association of ideas between a *Knight of the Thistle* and a *Bed of Roses*.

OUR MARBLES.

"Some men achieve greatness."—*Shakspeare*.

When the father, "canny mon,"
Plundered piece of sculptured stone
Little dreamed he, that his son
Would have a ruin of his own.

CUCKOO! CUCKOO!!

Another negative has been added to the cry of the Canuckian Cuckoos! it is now, "No lois; no institutions; no langue, et no Soldats."

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A.S.S.—There is such a Journal as "Hogg's Weekly Instructor," but *Punch* will not take upon himself to affirm that it is edited by the Learned Pig.

PUNCH ON EVIDENCE.

In the Cavalry, at the Battle of Goojrat, was an officer who must be deemed for ever disqualified to give evidence in a British Court of Law. His name appears in the list as follows: "Cavalry.—Brigadier J. B. Hearsay, commanding." Every one knows that hearsay evidence is never received in well regulated Courts at home.

AMERICAN ORTHOGRAPHY.

A great spelling reform is now going on in the United States: Noah Webster's next edition of the Yankee English Dictionary, out of compliment to Canada and Lord Elgin, "its last Governor," will spell the significant word "Annexation," as follows:—AN-EGGS-ATION,

LETTERS OF PUNCH IN CANADA No. 6.

MY DEAR BLAKE,

The phrase "a peculiar preparation of coolness," used by you in your late explanation of that very unparliamentary and decidedly intemperate pass of Billingsgate which took place in the House between you and my esteemed friend Col. Gugsy, requires a little consideration and some comment. "A peculiar preparation of coolness," negatively, and as you yourself applied it, has reference to nothing so directly as to her Majesty's Solicitor General West. "A peculiar preparation of coolness, affirmatively, and as Punch will be likely to apply it when summer sets in, has a pointed applicability to a much more palatable compound—being suggestive of Sherry-Cobbler; not that I would recommend you to follow my example in the occasional though moderate use of stimulating beverages. Quite the reverse. Your habits, fortunately for yourself and for those with whom you are hourly brought in contact, are strictly temperate, in a vinous sense. Glad would I be could I say as much for your language as a Legislator, and for your manners as a member of that House, where the conventional courtesies of civilized life *ought* to be observed as decorously as in the domestic drawing-room of private society. That the want of such suavity should become a feature of our Colonial House of Commons, is as much to be regretted as it has, of late, and that not unfrequently, been exhibited there. And I must candidly tell you, my dear Blake, that since your occupation of a seat in that House, the feature referred to has increased in prominence to a very considerable extent, threatening at times to become a carbuncle upon the face of Canada only to be cured by the judicious lancet of Punch. Besides Blake, you are strangely inconsistent, and for an Irish-man very unartistic in your mode of treating such affairs as that which has suggested these remarks. "Sealing with your blood" is a beautiful and figurative phrase lately used by you in your anxiety to express firmness of conviction. "Quivering on a daisy" is also a beautiful and pastoral figure of speech, originating, I think, with the last generation of your Galway countrymen, and meant playfully to express the position to which any one of your Connaught ancestor's would have reduced the Gugsy of his immediate circle, if unpleasantly contradicted by him with half so strong an expression as that launched at you by the fiery Gugsy of our affections. But the daisies are not grown that will be flattened by the fall either of Her Majesty's Solicitor General West, or of his opponent, at the orthodox distance of twelve paces, and therefore you should abstain from vainly sporting your "seal of blood," leaving such phrases to the poetical recorder of "deeds of arms," and the bowie-knife swaggerers of the South. I do not want you to have recourse to the now antiquated appeal to arms, the "exploded" pistol of your ancestors. Far be it from Punch to advocate the revival of unreasonable prejudice: but your march of improvement should be consistent, and your tenacity in observing the usages of decorum should keep pace, *passibus æquis*, with the very commendable disinclination which you have shewn towards being held up to public admiration as "The Man for Galway."

Ponder well upon these rapid, but sincere remarks, and believe me, my dear Blake.

Truly yours,

PUNCH IN CANADA.

HURRA FOR ST. DENIS!

The habitants of St. Denis, the renowned St. Denis, the focus of the rebellion in 1837 and '38; the village in which Dr. Wolfred Nelson became immortal by fighting, and Louis Joseph Papineau became ditto by running away; have presented an address to His Excellency the Governor General expressing their profound approbation that he has given his assent to the bill for rewarding Rebels. They thank him for promoting their interests: for paying them for their wickedness and folly. And this is a great ministerial triumph! A number of men return thanks for money being taken out of the pockets of others and snugly lodged in their own. Great triumph! Wonderful habitants of St. Denis! But they have gone farther. To express their gratitude each and every one is to have the portrait of the just Governor hung up in their shanty's. Punch will contract to supply these portraits at 4d each. Patriots of St. Denis! give your orders.

WONDERFUL RECOVERY.

Mr. Solicitor General West, who, for some time, has been greatly troubled with indigestion of public proceedings, has, we are happy to say, entirely recovered. On Tuesday last, his appetite returned to him, and he made a hearty meal. Amongst other savory morsels, he eat his own words with some of GUGSY'S SAUCE.

HOW TO CLEAR THE TRACK.

With profound regret for the incapacity of the present Administration to prevent the riotous and lawless British people of Canada from evincing their stupid determination not to be taxed to pay Rebels; Punch offers to their notice his plan to attain the end they so much desire. If carried into effect, Punch will expect a statue to be erected to his memory should he ever die, and a pension for his body while living.

PUNCH'S PLAN.

Solicitor General Blake has justly earned the appellation of Bobodil and as such by act of Punch, he shall be henceforth known. Let him then in imitation of his renowned prototype rid Canada of the British "by computation."

Let Ministerial feeds be got up ten times a day under his auspices: let the windows of the Hotels in which they are held be opened: let toasts be proposed and speeches made abusing everybody and everything opposed to the opinions of the speakers: let derisive cheers be given to excite the British who of course will collect on these occasions; at each dinner shoot fifty: ten dinners a day: Fifty at each dinner: five hundred a day: three thousand five hundred a week: for let the work go bravely on even on the Sabbath; on the well known principle that "the better the day the better the deed." Three thousand five hundred a week; fourteen thousand a month; one hundred and sixty eight thousand a year! This is easily done. Let decisive and prompt action be taken in this matter, shoot one hundred and sixty-eight of the boasting British in one year: and their business is done, and the business of Canada will be done at the same time, for the British are the only men of business in the Colony. Rush for rifles; prig pistols; borrow blunderbusses, commence the good work; and in the language of an illustrious man who lived in times scarcely less exciting than the present, "Put your trust in Heaven and keep your powder dry."

FIRE! FIRE!! FIRE!!!

Fire! fire!! fire!!! It cannot be
That fire shall have the mastery.
Who is he can hope to chain
The fearful, fierce, devouring flame,
That tells the utmost earth can know
Of what are demon scenes below;
And scatters mid'st the live or dead
The ashes it alone can spread.
Though servile slave! at times 'twill be
That fire shall have the mastery;
When Heaven's winds do howl and groan
For causes known to Heaven alone.
But may not man in abject state
'Gainst all that Heaven could animate,
Decree that Treason's fair and good. That stain
Is wiped away alone by flame,
And justly leaves to Rebel name
A blackened pile and ruined fane.

COURT CIRCULAR.

We have it on the best authority, that His Excellency the Earl of Elgin, is to be elevated to the British Peerage, under the style and title of Marquis of Omelette.